NATHANIEL NILES MUST STAND TRIAL.

Here Is Evidence from His Own Pen Which Proves That He Knew All About the French Madame and the Notorious Cafe Bijou.

WHY IS JUSTICE DELAYED?

It Is More Than a Year Since the Former Bank President Was Indicted, Yet He Is Still Untried.

READ HIS LETTERS YOURSELF

On December 6, 1889, Nathaniel Niles, then president of the Tradesmen's National Bank, a man of wealth and culture, a man who prayed with pious fervor at prayer meetings, wrote beautiful hymns and posed as a pillar of the church and an ornament of society, was indicted for leasing the notorious Café Bijou with the knowledge that it was to be used for "immoral purposes." That was more than a year ago and the case has

not yet been called for trial.

Mr. Niles is no longer regarded as a pillar of the church nor as a bright and shining ornament of society. He is no longer president of the bank, but he still goes "unwhipped of justice," holds his head high and lunches at the Cafe Savarin. And he owns a fine house and estate at Madison, N. J., where he lives in fine style, notwithstanding that most of his neighbors have come to the conclusion that he is not the sort of person that respectable people can afford to be on visiting terms with.

On December 9, 1890, one Sampson Wallach was indicted for knowingly lessing a portion of the tenement house No. 225 East Forty-first strest for immoral purposes. On December 31, 1890, he was tried in the Court of Special Sessions, before Justices Smith, Elibreth and Ford, convicted and sentenced to spend thirty days in the City Prison and WHY DISCRIMINATE?

Why was Justice so swift to unsheathe her sword and smite down Sampson Wallach?

And why are her eyes still bandaged in the pres-

Whatever difference there is in the offences with which both men were charged is distinctly in favor of Sampson Wallach. His place was small and ob-When confronted with the charge he replied with blunt bonesty-for which he at least deserves credit-that he proposed to do just what he "blanked" pleased with his own property.

But unfortunately for him and very fortunately for the ends of justice the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children took the case in hand because there were children in the tenement house where this little nest of vice was situated, and they were liable to have their innocence polluted and contaminated by its presence. Not only was the conviction of Landlord Wallach secured, but the proprietors of the place were railroaded to the Penitentiary in double quick style.

The Cafe Bijou was neither small nor obscure. It was one of the worst and biggest dens of infamy in the city. It was regarded as a plague spot by all decent people in the block. The property owners in the vicinity actually formed an association for its suppression, and ultimately succeeded in their purpose when the HERALD pitched in and belped

But when Nathaniel Niles, the pattern of propriety and the model of plety, was charged with knowingly leasing the promises for immoral purposes he declared that he didn't know that any thing immoral went on there and appealed for public sympathy as a truly good man who had en imposed upon and was subjected to persecu-in in consequence.

tion in consequence.

How MUCH LONGER?

This attitude he has since maintained. How long will he be allowed to maintain it without being required to answer before a jury of his peers the charges against him? The answer to that pertinent question rests with District Attorney De Lancey Nicoll. District Attorney Fellows allowed it to rest with him for something over one year.

Lancey Nicoll. District Attorney Follows allowed it to rest with him for something over one year and went out of office without answering it. That is an example that District Attorney De Lancey Nicoll will certainly not follow.

Nathaniel Niles got hold of the Café Bijou in July, 1887. He has sworn in supplementary proceedings that he owned the title to it as an individual and not as the president of the Tradesmen's Bank. He got it from Frederick Carrard, the reputed husband of Eliza Porret, who, since the death of the original "French Madamo" of infamous memory, has worn the same title and has done her best to deserve it by following in her predecessor's footleps.

much persecuted man, and entirely innocent of the charge for which he was indicted. Here is the first letter:—

gage was given.

Mr. Searles is a director in the Hast River Savings
Bank and called on me this morning. With respect.

NATHANIEL NILES.

OPTING ACQUAINTED.

This shows that as a bank president Mr. Niles took quite an interest in Mmc. Forret's affairs. But it is only significant when taken in connection with the rest of the correspondence. The same thing may be said of the letter which follows:—

Thadeshus's National Bank, 291 Beganway, N. Y. Nathaniel Nilks, President Oliver F. Brest, Cashler

Dean Madam-Searies and Mr. Phyfe will be at this bank Friday merning, June 25, at 10:30. Please he here to meet them. With respect, NATHANIEL NILES. This next letter indicates that Mr. Niles' acquaintance with Mme. Porret is progressing:

THADESNES'S NATIONAL BANK,
THADESNES'S NATIONAL BANK,
NATHANIEL NILES, President,
OLIVER F. BREEF, CASHEE,
June 23, 1886.

Dran Manax—I frame you so Joseph Inst.

I am very much pleased with the cow "Flora;" she is year gentle and I give her rich pasture and good water. I shall keep her. With respect, very ruly yours, NATHANIEL NILES.

MATHANIEL NILES.

Two stories of a cow.

Mme. Porret and Mr. Niles tell different stories about this cow. Mme. Porret swears that it was a gift to Mr. Niles, which be accepted as such. In the proceedings before Justice Duffy evidence was given showing that the cow arrived on Mr. Niles, place, at Madison, bedecked with flowers and ribbons. Cows are not usually decorated in that fashion when the sending of them is the result of a purely commercial transaction. But that is all it was, according to the sworn explanation of Mr. Niles.

With her husband, Carrard, Mme. Porret has a farm at Flemington, N. J. Mr. Niles heard, quite ossually, so he says, that they had some good cows. He wanted one for the summer, and sent to them for one. At the end of the summer he sent it back with the check. But Mme. Forret, being very grateful for the way that he had managed her affairs at the bank, sent the check back, so he says. In her affidavit Mme. Forret states that no check was ever tendered her for this cow or for any of the other cows which she sent to Mr. Niles while he was spending his summers at Madison. No one imagines that Mme. Forret's character for veracity or anything else is first class. But if the evidence on which the Grand Jury indicted Mr. Niles proves anything, it proves that his character for veracity is very far from being first class, too.

ACQUARNIED WITH THE HUSBAND.

This letter shows that Mr. Niles had dealings with Mr. Carrard, Madame's husband, as well as with her:—

Tradpending National Bank. With her husband, Carrard, Mmo. Porret has a

With her:

TRADESMEN'S NATIONAL BANK,
201 BROADWAY, N. T.
NATHANGL NIESS, President,
GRIVER F. BERRY, Cashier,
June 27, 1988.
DEAR SIR-Your letter with check for S700 is received.
Please send me an order in writing to say what you wish me to do with the money. With respect with the money.

MATHANIEL NILES,
NAMY, MERINGS.

To Mr. CARRARD, Flemington, N. J.

MANY MERINGS.

This letter which follows indicates that he was in the habit of holding conversations with her at the bank. The number of these letters—space is too valuable to print them all—show that these meetings were quite frequent. And from them Mr. Niles, no matter how good he might be, must have learned something of what manner of woman Mme. Porret was:—

woman Mme. Poirtt was:—
Thadramn's National Bank,
201 Broadway, N. Y.,
Nathaville, Kiles, Prosident,
Oliver F. Berry, Cashler,
Oliver F. Berry, Cashler,
July S. 1888;
Dean Madam—Kindly call at the bank to-morrow (Saturday) morning, and oblige yours, with respect,
NATHANIEL NILES. The following letter shows to what extent President Niles was managing Mme. Porret's business affairs for her:—

dont Niles was managing Mme. Porret's business affairs for her:

Tradessen's National Bank.
201 Broadway, N. Y.
Nathardiel, Niles, President,
Oliver F. Brant, Cashior.
July 10, 1888.

Dear Madam—Margaret Slemmer has not naid note due July 15. What is the number in Elizabeth etreet of her place? In haste, faithfully years,
Mme. Porret had several questionable houses in various parts of the city, and the place which Mr. Niles inquired about in the above letter is alleged to have been one of them.

In the succeeding letter the individual referred to as "Fred" is Frederick Carrard, whom Mme. Porret has sworn is her husband. It would seem from this that the truly good Mr. Niles, who bad no other relations with Mme. Porret "save as president of the bank," had become pretty well acquainted with her when he would refer to her husband in this familiar way.

Tradessen's National Bank.
29; Broadway, N. Y.
Nathariel, Niles, President,
Oliver E. Brant, Cashier,
July 25, 1888.

Mrs. E. Porret.—
Dear Madam—I cannet discount the Broadway potes,

reading." To use a slang expression, it is a "dead give away" sort of a letter. It gives away lots of things. Among others, for instance, Nathaniel Nilns' pretensions that his relations with Mme. Porret were simply those of a bank president. It was probably written some time in July or August, 1888:—

and out a the production of the Trademont's Bank and Market and Ma the Experse Board

the reverse side, all but the concluding sentence, of a notice which Mr. Niles had received from the Excise Board, notifying him that there was to be a learing concerning the opposition to the granting of a license for the premises of which he held the utile deeds. The concluding sentence was written across the face of the notice. The date of the notice, Angust 21, 1888, fixes the date of Mr. Niles' note to Mine. Porcet.

This is the notice:—

Opener of Board of Excise.

they prove.

But before showing how orushing is their testimony against Mr. Niles I will anticipate an objection that may be made to their admissability. They do not bear any address. How can it be show that they were addressed to the notorious Mme.

TRADESMIN'S NATIONAL BANK,
291 BROADWAY, N. Y.
NATHABHER INIUS, President,
OLIVER F. BERRY, Cashier,
Dec. 13, 1888.

They think they will lend \$14,000, perhaps \$15,000. With respect. NATHANIEL SILES.

With respect, NATHANIEL NILES.

CONFIRMED.

Now, is there any room for any doubt on the part of any jury as to whom this letter was intended for? Besides, there is the additional evidence furnished by the reference to the cow. No matter if Mme. Porret didn't get paid for it. It was worth giving away for the sake of the confirmatory evidence which it now affords conceaving the true inwardness of Mr. Nathaniel Niles' character.

As for the second note about the excise business, the introduction of the reference to the five hundred dollar note and the \$500 interest afford conclusive evidence that it was written to Mme. Porret.

Now for the revelations made by these notes, Mr. Niles' answer to the charge against him is that he did not know that Mme. Forret was to have anything to do with the conduct of the premises No. 40 West Twenty-ninth street, known as his Cafe Bijou, which he had leased. At the time the application for a license was before the Excise Board, in the fall and summer of 1888, her character was notorious. Everbody know what sort of a place she had made out of the Cafe Bijou. That was made the basis of the protest made by the property owners against granting a license for the place to another ostensible tenant.

If it is shown that Mr. Niles did know that she was connected with the place what becomes of his defence against the charge? There is absolutely nothing left of it.

And then why shouldn't the law take its course?

FORGING THE LINES,

Read this extract from the evidence given before
Justice Duffy by ex-Excise Commissioner Andrews,
and published in the HERBALD May 7, 1889:—

"Absolutely nothing to do with the place!" And yet his own letters show that he was in communication with the "French Madame" at the time and condoling with her because of the delay in getting the license!

which was infroduced in evidence during the proceedings before Justice Duff, Mr. Niles wrote:

I have decided to turn the basement of No. 40 West Twenty-mith street into a store, and I have leased the abeds to Mr. D. E. O'Brien, a young man whose character is well reported to me. This, tegether with the fact that the former owner has loft this State, should, I think, justify the Board is granting Mr. O'Brisu's request.

This same O'Brien testified under oath that Mme. Porret was to provide the funds to run the place if he could succeed in hoodwinking the Excise Board into granting him a license.

After reading Mr. Niles' leiters to Mine, Porret concerning his dealings with the Excise Board, can any same person doubt that he was cognizant of the whole scheme?

Mr. Niles, intocent and truly good though he

the whole scheme?

Alt. Niles, inscent and truly good though he claims to be, has admitted that he did become aware of Mmc. Porret's true character. In an amdarit ne has made this statoment:

I will simply add that after I ascertained that the character of Mrs. Porret was not root and long before this charge (the charge made by the Hanam April 1, 1889) was made, I effored her account at the bank closed, and it has remained closed ever since.

MME. FORRET'S VERSION.

Nobody would venture to assume that Mme. Porrot is at all like the horo of the little hatchet story—sometimes referred to as the father of his country—who couldn't tell a lie. But after the evidence thus far presented there are some people who will venture to assume that Mme. Porret's statements, made under oath, are entitled to quite as much credence as those of Mr. Niles, though he did at one time enjoy the reputation of being a pillar of the church and an ornament of society. pillar of the church and an ornament of society. Nobody has ever charged Mine. Porret with being

Nobody has ever charged Mine. Porret with being a hypocrite.
Well, Mine. Porret has stated under oath that Mr. Niles never paid a cent for the premises No. 40 West Twenty-ninth street, otherwise known as the Cafe Bijou, and that he got possession of it by representing that he never could get a license for it unless the title deeds were in his name. After he secured the title deeds Mine. Porret in her affidavit adds:—

affidavit adds:—

Niles then took charge of the getting of a licence and kept telling me. "To morrow, to morrow we will have it." He told me that he had a friend, Androws, who ewed him money; that he had leaned him money to buy the Star, and that he (Niles) was the biggest etockholder in the Star, and that the couph Androws he would get a license. When O'Brien was in the house as lesses in the fail of Ness Niles asked me what I would give for a license, and said, "Will you give \$1,000" I said, "Yes." Then he said, "Will you give \$1,000" I said, "Yes." Then he said, "Will you give \$1,500" I said, "Yes." The fireway to give \$2,000 when he asked me for that. He said that he wanted to give it to Mr. Andrews. I afterward gave him the \$2,000 and more, but he did not get the license.

BUT CHANGE ITS HOME

Wagnerites and German-Americans Have Enlisted Mr. Oscar Hammerstein as the Manager of Another Season and Will Pledge Expenses.

THERE MAY BE AN OPERATIC WAR

At Any Rate the Present Indications Are That the Murray Hill Opera House Will Open with Lilli Lehmann and Other Artists.

There will be grand opera in German next season notwithstanding the resolution of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House Company.

There will be grand opera in German, say the wealthy German-Americans of the city, if they have to pay all the expenses of the enterprise them-

There will be well known singers here, too, headed by Mme. Lill Lehman-Kalish, and they will sing in a brand new opera house under a manager who will regard their work as the results of his individual efforts.

Lovers of Wagner, rejoice! There will be ample opportunity for you to listen again to the Nibelungen tetralogy and to "Tristan

When the HERALD announced last week that the Metropolitan Opera House directors had decided to accept the offers of Mr. Abbev to give grand opera in French and Italian next season the entire German portion of the city's population arose and

The singers at the Metropolitan became angry and declared that they would give up the field which they had occupied so constituously for seven years to no French or Italian insurgents. If the Metropolitan Opera House Company would not employ them-well: they'd find some one who would! They would set up an opposition establishment and they would show the world that Italian opera was deader than the Cosars—and then, why then they would snap their fingers at this ungrateful community and flit away to the shores of their own vine clad Rhine.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN AS IMPRESABIO. The very day after the Metropolitan Opera House directors made their decision Mr. Oscar Collell, the manager of Chickering Hall, called upon Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, of theatrical managerial fame, and asked him if he would consider the proposition to give grand opera in German in this city next season. Mr. Hammerstein said that he unquestionably would do so.

The question of where the season of opera could be given was of course settled in the minds of both gentlemen. Mr. Hammerstein's new Murray Hill Opera House, whose foundations are about being laid in West Forty-second street, between

being laid in West Forty-second street, between Sixth avenue and Broadway, will be opened, if the good spirits of the Building Bursau permit, next september, and it will be there that Lilli Lehmann and a company which she will select in Germany and partly, perhaps, here will continue German opera-drama in this city.

Mr. Colell was not in a position, of course, to tell Mr. Hammerstein to go ahead and organize his company, prepare scenery and the like, but he left the manager very much encouraged. A day or two later, however, three prominent German-American citizens called upon Mr. Hammerstein and informed him that they were willing to pledge \$5,000 each to the cause of classical music for next season.

season.

"Very well, gentlemen," returned Mr. Hammorstein, rubbing his hands and smiling encouragingly,
"in the new Murray Hill Cpora House there are
thirty-six boxes. These should be subscribed for
and a smileient supplemental subscription guaranteed to pay expenses. When this is done I think
we'll be able to count on another season of German

Dera."

A GUARANTER OF AT LEAST \$100,000,

But since then the agitation has spread. The gentlemen who formed the nucleus of the movement have gathered others unto them, and now, going on the assumption that at least \$100,000 will be piedged, there will be opera at the Murray Hill be piedged, there will be opera at the Murray Hill be pread to the second of the month, and given in a style that will not be overshadowed by the memories of any Italian, English or German season in New York.

The question of procuring artists who will adequately sustain this promise is by no means difficult

forthcoming.
"I certainly do not desire to criticise any one.
Mr. Stacton has been and is an admirable manager, but I venture to say that if more light overas had been given in German there would be no promise of French and Italian operas at the Metropolitan Opera House next autumn."

ABOUT THE NEW ORCHESTRA. The plans for the proposed new orchestra to be gathered together by and to be under the auspices of the National Conservatory are being rapidly perfected and will in all probability bear good fruit by another season I had a chat with Mrs. Thurber, the president of

the institution, yesterday about the matter, and was told by her that not only was the question of the orchestra settled but that communications had

the orchestra settled but that communications had been opened with two of the best of European conductors for the position of director, and that a series of concerts had already been planned for next season and a manager chosen to take charge of the matter.

This European conductor, whoever he is to be dand I have reason to think he is Herr Mottl, the eminent Wagnerian, is to be not only the conductor of the new orchestra, but the new director of the Conservatory as well.

"It is all very well," said Mrs. Thurber, "for me to pose as president of the Conservatory. What I can do I am enly too happy to do. But our institution has grown so rapidity, and has broadened so perceptibly in every way, that I deem it to be of the utmost importance that we have a competent musical head or director, and one second to none.

"Of course he must be an exceptionally good orchestra conductor, for under his leadership we will put as fine a body of musicians as can be gathered from the ranks of European and American players." and I have reason to think he is Herr Mottl, the eminent Wagnerian), is to be not only the conductor of the new orchestra, but the new directors of the Conservatory as well.

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"Of course he must be an exceptionally good orchestra conductor, for under his leadership we will put as fine a body of musicians as can be gathered from the ranks of European and American players.

"Now, a word about this orchestra. It will num-

ber eighty first class musicians and will be a permanent organization, giving torty-eight concerts during the coming season, of which two a week will be given in New York city.

"It will also have its educational side and will be utilized in bringing out new works by American composers as well as those of the best European writers.

writers.
"All this, too, will be given at popular prices, and the Now York public will for the first time have an opportunity of hearing the best works performed by a permanent orchestra under the baton of the most noted conductor we can secure."

The announcement that Signor Campanini would sing at the Lenex Lycoum last night in conjunc-

AT THE LENOX.

tion with the Thomas orchestra served to crowd the large auditorium to the doors. The audience was not alone that which attends Mr. Thomas' popniar and admirable concerts, but contained as well ular and admirable concerts, but contained as well in the boxes and on the floor that fashionable operatic cicellic that lends its presence when the popular tenor makes his appearance here.

Signor Campanini was first heard in Siegmund's love song from the "Walkitre," which he sang in admirable style, with a delicacy and finish of phrasing it the opening passages that was charming, and with a breadth of style and clover ribrant tone in the finish that was most effective. He was recalled again and again and finally was obliged to repeat it in its entirety, singing it if anything rather better than before.

In the "Eurany" the selection ("Unter bluhenden Mandel-Boeumen"), he scored quite a triumph, his B flat ringing out clear and full in real old time style. The house fairly rose at him, and in response to an emphatic demand he sang as an encore the "Addio Mignon" with great beauty of tone and exquisite taste.

His voice seems to be gaining strength, and if he only uses it with discretion in the immediate future there is no reason why he should not retain for a long period all the old time powers that he has regained. He never sang the "Addio Mignon" better than he did last night.

The orchestra under Ar. Thomas played in their usual excellent fashion, if exception is made of what Gounod intended should be the "Funeral March of a Marionette." The orchestra were rather inclined to wake the dead rather than last them to rest. Mr. Franz Wilezeck played Wienawski's "lomanze and Finale" for the violin, with taste and brilliant execution and was enthusiastically encored. Altogather it was one of the best concerts of the series. in the boxes and on the floor that fashionable

POPULAR PRICED CONCERTS. The series of low priced Sunday evening con-certs inaugurated by Mr. William A. Coney in the fasonic Temple last evening, promises to become justly popular with the class of music lovers to whose taste it caters.

whose taste it caters.

Fopular songs were sung by Miss Edith Mason and Mr. Aifred Cabie. Miss Estelle Sappi and Mr. Carey played two popular piano and organ numbers, the Berkeley Quartet sang with good effect ocupie of harmonized popular songs and Mr. William Jasger and Mr. 4. W. Sharpley, the "blind minstrol," added variety to the entertainment by favoring the listeners with real cornet solos and initations of every other instrument known to an orchestral conductor.

And all for twenty-five cents.

MURDERER MANN ARRESTED.

HE MADE A DESPERATE RESISTANCE, BUT WAS LOCKED UP IN PRISON.

Philip Mann, the negro and ex-convict, who clubbed Farmer Robert McDonald ("Irish Hob") to death, in Cherry Hill, N. J., on Thursday evening, as reported in the HERALD, was arrested at Ridge wood, N. J., yesterday morning. Mann was found by the detectives in the house of Preston Winklen by Detective George Ackerman. His wife and four children were with him.

Mann made a desperate resistance, and Ackerman was compelled to call two men to his assistsince; but the negro was finally everpowered and handcuffed. He was put into a carriage and taken to Hackensack and looked up in a cell in the City Hall Prison.

After he killed McDonald Mann ran off into the

After he killed McDonald Mann ran off into the mountains. He returned to Winklen's house on Saturday and was recognized by neighbors, who notined the detactives.

I saw Mann in his cell last evening. He was surly and reticent. He said he had a quarrel with McDonald, but denied that he struck him.

McDonald's body was buried yesterday in the Hackensack Cemetery, the county defraying the expenses of the funeral. There were about eight hundred persons present and at least one-half of the number were negroes. The Coroner's inquest will be held on Wednesday.

INSANE IN HIS OLD AGE.

WILLIAM C. SEAMAN, A PROMINENT SIXTEENTH WARD CITIZEN, IS CONFINED AT BELLEVUE. William C. Seaman, eighty-four years old and for nany years a well known resident of the Sixteenth ward, was removed to the insane pavilion at

Bellevue Hospital on Saturday night. Mr. Seaman lived in the old fashioned frame house at No. 102 Seventh avenue. He was in early life a carpenter, and the house in which he lived was put up by him nearly fifty years ago. He was born in Rockland county and came to New York

when a lad.

Before he had attained the age of thirty he had laid by enough to enable him to take a large con-

born in Rockland county and came to Kew York when hind. When hind is the production of the couring artists who will adequately sustain this promise is by no means difficult of solution. The singers now at the Metropolitan are not inclined to tamely submit to being supplanted by any hated national or professional rivais.

The said—In covernous or excess.

M. HAMMHERS policies of this new enterprise. He said—In covernous or excess.

M. HAMMHERS of the destinies of this new enterprise. He said—In covernous or excess.

M. HAMMHERS of the controlled that with a positive surface are private enterprise and not as the venture of a corporation of gentlemen nearly all of whom are millionnaires. When the expenses and the produgious salaries are reasonable, I am confident that with a positive subscription guarantee the manager cast make a little money.

House the operas will be given everything which will make their production artistically perfect. There may net be as many processions as appear in the Trip Around the World in Eighty Days or in the Trip Around the World in Eighty Days or in the transportation of the subscription guarantee the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription guarantee of the manager cast may be a subscription to Messrs. Ocirichs & Co., agents of the line here. Zuschike claims that he was robbed of \$70 on a West Shore train just after leaving.

He says the man who took the money stood near him in the Barge Office and heard him tell the registry clerk that he, Zuschike, had \$200. The man accompanied him to the train at Weehawken. After the train had passed one or two stations the man suddenly appeared and demanded "two shillings" for putting his trunks on the train. Zuschike took out the envelope containing his money, which the other snatched out of his hand, abstracting \$70 and returning the envelope.

Zuschike thinks the man is an employe of the railroad departuent at the Barge Office, but he refuses to return to New York to identify the man or make complaint unless his car fare and board while here are paid. The letter has been handed over to the Barge Office officials.

DANA IN WAR AND PEACE.

Never print a paid advertisement as news matter. Let every advertisement appear as an advertisement—no sailing under false colors—Charles A. Duna's Address to the Wescomin Editorial Association, Milrocaules, July 24, 1883. "I do not know Mr. Dana personally," said ex-Congressman Martin L Townsend, of Troy, when I spoke to him about the United States Senatorship. "I remember that during the war he faithfully discharged the duties intrusted to him. Because he was not premoted so rapidly as he deemed he should have been he was very much put out, and since that time he has published a very cruel sant-republican paper. I do not believe there is any probability of his election."

INSULTED AND STABBED.

Near Montgomery and Monroe streets there is a small livery stable. George Smith, twenty-five years of age, manages it in the interests of the owner. Shortly after four o'clock yesterday after-

LALLY SHOT A BARKEEPER

He Had Been Drinking Heavily Since He Was Dropped from the Bridge Police Force.

HIS VICTIM, DOLATTI, MAY DIE.

"Sal" Smith, an Inmate of "The Old Home," Where the Crime Was Committed, Shadowed the Man Till She Met a Policeman.

Michael Lally, the Bridge policeman who lost his brass buttons and lofty position for kicking the shins of Roundsman Brophy on Christmas Day, is going down hill fast. He spent last night in the Oak street station, with a charge of felonious assault that may prove murder hanging over his

His victim, Giuseppe Dolatti, lay all day and night upon a fever tossed cot in Chambers Street Hospital. Dr. Stinson made several ineffectual attempts to extract the pistol ball which laid him low. It entered just above the heart.

"I am alraid he cannot recover," said the young Doctor to the man's wife, who, with tear streaked face, had waited all day in the corridor. "For the present we must wait." Away went the dark eyed woman to the Italian

Church at Five Points to pray to San Gennaro and Sant' Anna, to whom the children of Napoli pray, even in New York. IN "THE OLD HOME." Since his discharge on Christmas Day from the Bridge police force Lally has joined the gang of queer fish who cruise about the dives of Water street.

Everybody spoke well of the ex-policemen as a

'decent young fellow" when sober, but Lally did

not care for the soft words of praise, and usually

presented himself to Water street society in a state of hopeless inebristy. On Saturday night he cruised into the "Ritrono dei Marinai" ("The Mariners Retreat") and made a lot of trouble and was finally kicked into the street by the proprietor. Then he dropped into many shady dives and about six o'clock in the morning presented himself at "The Old Home," No. 342 Water street, where liquid refreshment is served by women who lodge

"Gimme a glass of beer," he said, his breath coming thick and hard. The pressure of Saturday night business was over in "The Old Home." Sally Smith and Mary Hayes, the waitresses, were getting ready to leave the barroom and Giuseppe Dolatti, the barkeoper, was emptying the glasses of stale beer back into the kegs to be served up fresh for

on the premises.

"I won't do it, Lally," he said; "yer drunk."
Then Giuseppe stroked his pet parrot, said
"Buona notis" to the two women, and without as much as "saving your presence" to Lally, got up on a chair and began turning down the lamp.

The drunken policeman grabbed the railing or

The drunken policeman grabbed the railing of the bar and, steadying himself, drew his pistel and fired. Dointif fell heavily to the floor with a mean, Lally rushed for the door, and disappeared in the darkness of Water street.

But Sally Smith followed him, and for more than an hour, crouching behind ash barrels and hiding in vestibules whenever Lally stopped to steady his uncertain gait, she kept him in sight. Suchight was feat dispelling the shadows of the dark morning when the ex-policeman and his pursuer reached Chatham square. A night policeman was there waiting for a car to take him to the Madison street station.

his heeis.

On the way to the station house the trio met ward Detectives Grogan, Canavan and Griffen, and the prisoner was turned over to them. He was conducted back to "The Old Home," where Dolatti bleeding profusely, was still lying upon the sawdust floor with his pet parrot walking about him to great agilation. in great agitation.
In sullen silonce Lally stood over the writhing body of his victim.

"Is this the man who shot you?" asked Detective "Is this the man who shot you?" asked Detective Grogan.

Dolatti nodded his head wearily, and then raising himself upon his elbows with a great effort said to his slayer:—"Why did you shoot me, man! I never saw you before. I would not give you aujuore liquor because you were drunk. Why did you shoot mo?"

But Lally only smiled contemptuously, and then relapsed into his former drunken and sullen stupor.

relapsed into his former drunken and sullen stupor.

HIS BRAINS STOLEN AWAY.

After a few hours of rextless sleep at the Oak street station Lally was taken to the Tombs Polici Court. He had a very bad head, and claimed that he was completely ignorant of all that had happened during the night. He was remanded to the Oak street station to await the result of Delatti's wound.

"Sally" Smith and Mary Hayes, the only wit nesses to the shooting, were also locked up to keep them from being spirited away by Lally's friends. In the afternoon the queer fish who live in Water street were enjoying the new sensation which had disturbed the already troubled waters of the neighborhood. Crowds of curious men, women and children were gathered around "The Old Home," which locked slatternly and fly specked in the clear sunlight.

onliners were gataered around the old acome, which looked sisternly and ify specked in the clear smulight.

When I called the "boss" sat lolling in a comfortable arm chair before a glowing stove. On our side of him was a pool toward which his periodic expectorative efforts were directed. On the other side was a pool of blood half dried in the sawdust, marking the spot where the Italian fell.

"There was a murder here this morning," I suggested to the "boss."
"So follss say, and I believe there was," and as his eyes rested upon the pool of blood he added with a heartless laugh, "That looks like murder, i it ain't pig sticking."

Then the "boss" relapsed into a silence more un communicative than the silence of fishes. Finally, when I prodded him into talking, he turned to the parrot and said:—"Joey" you are the only witness to the shooting. Tell the reporter all about it."
This sally was prected with whoops of laughter from poor Doistti's friends, who crowded the stairway.

But "Joey" had nothing to say except every now

But "Joey" had nothing to say except every now and then an Italian cuss word which his master had taught him in his few moments of leisure, when not dealing out beer to the denizens and patrons of the dive.

when not dealing out beer to the denizens and patrons of the dive.

Faith IN his Boy's Star.

I saw Lally's father at No. 290 Front street, where he keeps a saloon. He said Michael was a good boy, but had enemies who were always trying to weave a rope about his head. "But they won'do it this time anyhow," he concluded complacently, like a man who knew a "trick" worth two of theirs.

Boundsman Brophy, who had Lally "broke" for insubordination, was sitting behind the "blotter" when I called at the Bridge station house and told him of Lally's latest feat: "Well, I am sorry," said the Roundsman, honestly.

"Lally was a good fellow and a good officer, only he couldn't keep sober. He joined the Bridge police force from the beginning, in 1883, and he made a host of friends. Everybody had a good word to say for the handsome, red haired officer who stood by the ticket chopper on the Brocklyn side and who was always so polite to strangers. But lately he had been getting drunk more frequently, and I suppose when he was 'broke' he lost heart. This ain't the first good fellow 'John Barleycorn' had done for."

A BAD RECORD.

Two years ago Lally stabbed a man in his

done for."

A BAD RECORD.

Two years ago Laily stabbed a man in his father's saloon on Frontstreet. He was arrested, but the wounded man refused to appear against him and Laily was discharged.

On several other occasions, while still a Bridge policeman, Laily came into contact with the law, but was always successful in escaping the legal resulting.

penalties.

The ball entered Doiatti between the heart and the abdomen. Several attempts to extract it were unsuccessful, and the physician in charge at Chambers Street Hespital said that it was impossible to locate it. "In cases like this one can never tell. Dolatti may recover, but the chances seem to be that his case will terminate fatally."

WENT DOWN WITH HIS BOAT.

A big canal boat loaded with manure capsized at A big canal boat loaded with manure capaized at the railroad docks in Newtown Creek, at Long Island City, yesterday morning, the captain, Thomas Braunigan, who was asieep in the cabin at the time, going down with his boat. Aithough Brauningan knew his boat was leaking on Saturday night he did not think there was any immediate danger and retired to rest. The boat capsized suddonly, but Braunigan awoke and man-aged to get out of the cabin and swim ashore.

WHO REFUSED HIM BEER